EX-MUTANTS UNIVERSE

Eternity Comics

#3

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40-Page Special

THEY'RE BACK! ALL NEW STORY! ALL NEW ART!

EX-MUTANTS™

THE SHATTERED EARTH CHRONICLES

KAW!
MY-T-MART
KAWW!

ETHANOL $3.50
GASOLINE $6.50
METHANOL $3.00

LOOKS LIKE COMPANY...

I THINK I SEE SOMETHING UP AHEAD.
HUH? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.

IT'S A BUILDING.
I CAN'T SEE IT. DAMN THESE FISH EYES OF MINE.

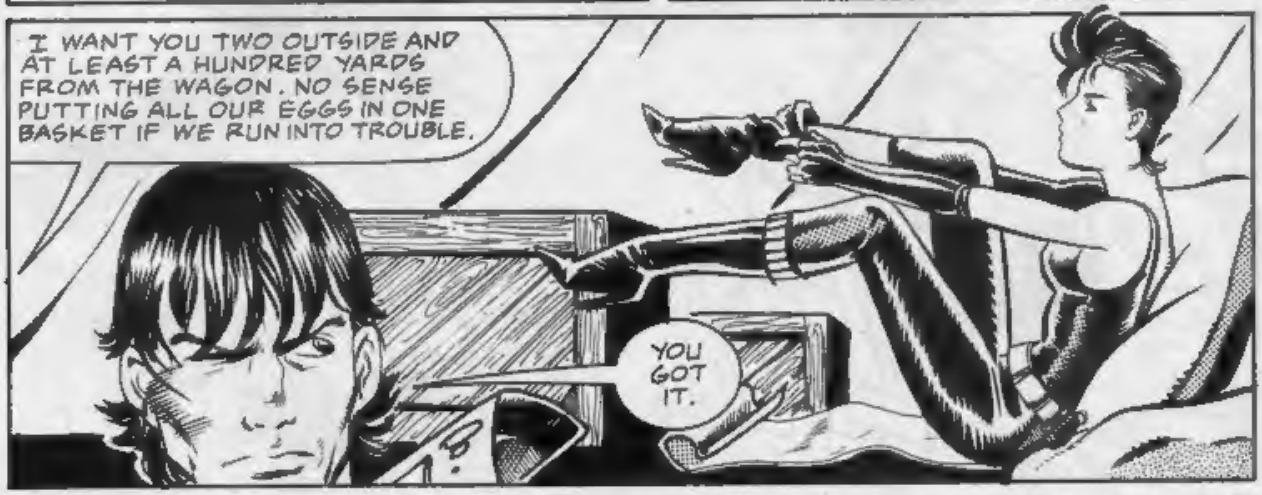
WHAT'S UP?
THERE'S A BUILDING UP AHEAD, BOSS LADY. LOOKS LIKE IT'S OCCUPIED.

IT'S ABOUT TIME WE FOUND SOME CIVILIZATION. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK WE'D TRAVELED OFF THE EDGE OF THE EARTH.

RISE AND SHINE, TROOPS.
ARE WE THERE YET?
THERE WHERE?

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THE HELL WE'RE GOING. ALL WE'VE SEEN IS WASTELAND SINCE RUNNING AWAY FROM NEW YORK.
HEY! I DIDN'T RUN AWAY FROM NO-THING!

OF COURSE NOT, BLU... YOU JUST ADVANCED TO THE REAR.
AW...


I WANT YOU TWO OUTSIDE AND AT LEAST A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE WAGON. NO SENSE PUTTING ALL OUR EGGS IN ONE BASKET IF WE RUN INTO TROUBLE.
YOU GOT IT.

SIMAK? MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO COME UP FRONT.
HMMM?

WE'RE APPROACHING A SETTLEMENT. YOU MIGHT WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS.
NO. I'D RATHER EXAMINE MY CARDS.

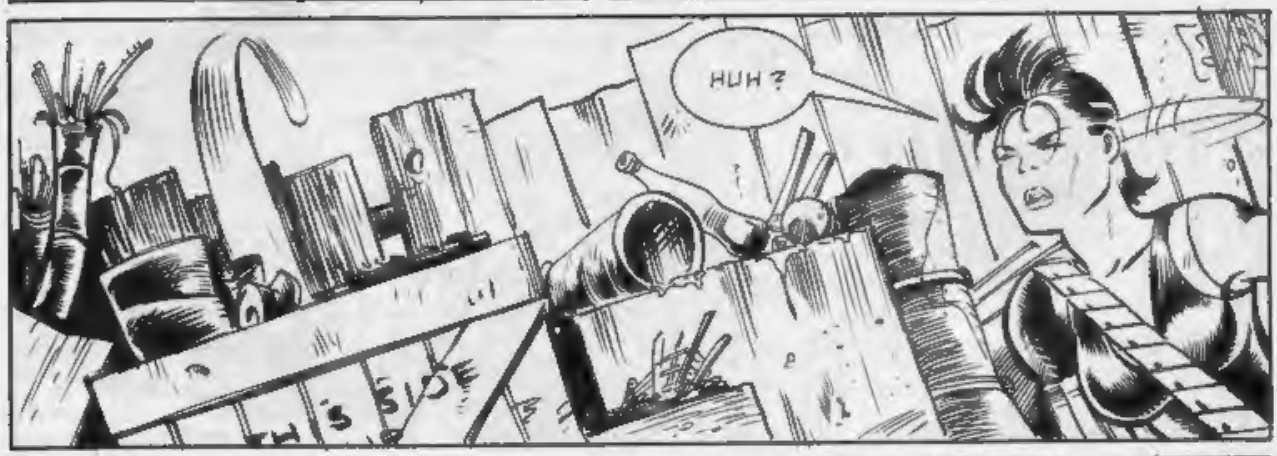
C'MON. LET'S KICK SOME TAIL.
DON'T SHOOT UNLESS I GIVE THE ORDER. WE'RE JUST PLAY-ING IT SAFE.
YES, MA'AM.

LIVING IN THE PAST

WELL, WE COULD USE SOME WATER FOR THE HORSES.
COMMIN' RIGHT UP, MISTER!
HMMM...

HEY-- MIGHT BE SOME SALVAGE BACK HERE.

MAYBE I CAN GET SOMETHING RUNNING. ANYTHING WOULD BE BETTER THAN THAT DAMN WAGON.


HUH?

COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW SOMETHING.
U.S.A
ANGELA!

LOOK AT THESE!
COMICS!

YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE STUFF THE OLD PACK RAT'S GOT IN HERE! IT'S A TREASURE TROVE!

THIS STUFF IS GREAT.
COMICS
AREN'T YOU TOO OLD FOR COMIC BOOKS?
PROBABLY. SO WHAT?

GEE -- THEY GOT COLOR, AND EVERYTHING.
THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON HERE.

SEEN MUCH TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD?
NONE AT ALL.
NOT SURPRISED. THIS PART OF JERSEY IS A SPEED TRAP. THE LOCALS AVOID IT, AND THE LONG DISTANCE GUYS HAVE JUST ABOUT DRIED UP, AT LEAST EVER SINCE THAT FUNNY BOMB WENT OFF--

--YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT BOMB? I HEAR IT FINISHED OFF BROOKLYN.
PTUI

IT DIDN'T DESTROY THE CITY SO MUCH AS... REPLACED IT. IT'S KIND OF TOUGH TO EXPLAIN.
WELL, A BOMB'S A BOMB, RIGHT? CAN'T BE MUCH DIFFERENCE.

EASY, YOU TWO. DON'T WANT TO GET WATER-LOGGED.

POOR OLD MAN. HE'S LOST HIS MIND.
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AROUND.

WE'RE GOING INSIDE THE STATION. SHOUT IF ANYTHING HAPPENS.
CAN I GO TOO, DAD?
BETTER NOT, DUFF. THE SUN'S AWFULLY HIGH, AND YOU KNOW HOW THE SUN AFFECTS YOU.

EXCUSE ME-- BUT COULD YOU DIRECT US TO ATLANTIC CITY?
ATLANTIC CITY? I HEAR IT'S A RADIO-ACTIVE SLAG HEAP...
HUH?!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
OH! NOTHING--NO-THING... EYES JUST PLAYING TRICKS ON ME, I GUESS.
YOU SURE?
YEAH.
GET BACK IN THE WAGON. STAY CLOSE TO SIMAK.

I SAW THEM FIRST; THEY'RE MINE.
WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU NEED RAZORS FOR BELUSHI?

I NEED TO SHAVE...
OH COME ON-- YOU CAN GO WEEKS AND NOT EVEN GET FUZZY.

IF ANYONE ON THIS TEAM NEEDS RAZORS, IT'S ME!

YOU ALL HELP YOURSELF TO SOME COFFEE IF YOU LIKE...
...GUARANTEED FRESH OR ITS FREE!
BOBBY
HOW CAN I PASS THAT UP!

WHA--

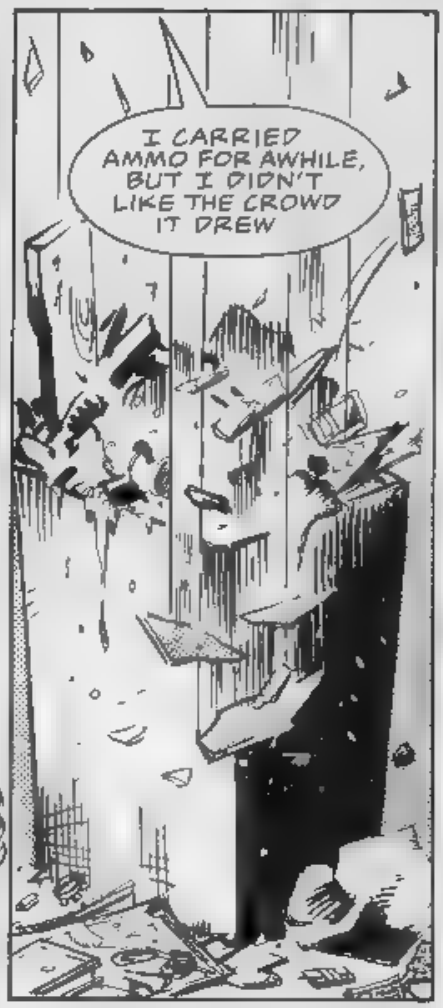
KRASH!

ARE YOU ALL ALONE HERE?
SINCE BEFORE THE WAR ME AND THIS STATION GO WAY BACK. WE GOT ROOTS.

I GOT IN BACK BEFORE THERE WAS ONE OF THESE PLACES ON EVERY CORNER WITH SOME FOREIGNER BEHIND THE COUNTER WHAT DID THEY CALL THEM--POD MALLS?--DAMN NEAR WRECKED IT FOR ALL OF US
COURSE IT WAS THE ARABS THAT FORCED ALL THE GAS STATIONS OUT TO BEGIN WITH, AND WITH ALL THOSE CORNER LOTS GOING VACANT, I GUESS IT SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA TO PUT A MINI MART AT EVERY INTERSECTION

YOU'VE BEEN OUT HERE EVER SINCE THE WAR?
SOMEONE'S GOT TO WATCH THE PLACE OF COURSE, BUSINESS AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE.

THINGS WERE OKAY RIGHT AFTER THE APOCALYPSE. GOT A LOT OF FAMILIES COMING THROUGH HERE ON THEIR WAY OUT OF THE CITIES.
AFTER THE RADIATION DID IT'S WORK, I DID A PRETTY GOOD TRADE IN IODINE TABLETS, AT LEAST WHILE I COULD GET THEM.


I CARRIED AMMO FOR AWHILE, BUT I DIDN'T LIKE THE CROWD IT DREW

THESE KIDS TODAY... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT 'EM--CUTTING THEIR HAIR INTO WEDGES, RIDING AROUND ON THE TOPS OF CARS... IT WAS DIFFERENT IN MY DAY!

I SUPPOSE IT'S OUR OWN FAULT, WE DIDN'T DO MUCH TO PREPARE OUR CHILDREN FOR THE END OF THE WORLD
KIDS GREW UP THINKING THAT IF THEY COULD SHOOT STRAIGHT AND MAYBE SPEAK A LITTLE RUSSIAN, THEY'D BE IN FINE SHAPE WHEN THEY DROPPED THE BIG ONE--LIKE LIFE AFTER THE BOMB WAS GOING TO BE ONE BIG COUNTRY CLUB OR SOMETHING.

I GUESS THE TRUTH WAS JUST TOO GRIM TO BEAR NO ONE COULD SURVIVE AN ATOMIC WAR.
NO ONE

COME OFF IT, GRAMPS! YOU'RE NOT DEAD!

BUT, SON--I AM DEAD
AND IF YOU CAN SEE ME

--THEN YOU'RE DEAD, TOO.

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
WE WERE JUST BECOMING AWARE-- WHEN.

WHEN THE BOMB WENT OFF
NILLS SAYS YOU BLEW US UP, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE HIM

I SAID NO SUCH THING I SAID I THOUGHT HE MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE--A LAB EXPLOSION, OR SOMETHING!
ACH! NOW YOU CHANGE YOUR STORY! AFRAID YOU WILL LOSE CONTROL OF THIS GROUP!

THOSE NAMES CAN'T BE?
OF COURSE! THERE ARE SIX OF THEM--

LUSCINDA, DRAKE, GUSTAV, HELENE, NILLS, MIRIKO ..NOW I REMEMBER.
YOU'RE MY CHILDREN! YOU'RE THE NEW EX-MUTANTS!*
* SEE EX-MUTANTS #6 (OLD SERIES) ED

HMMM . BUT THE CHILDREN I CREATED WERE PERFECT IN EVERY WAY, WHILE YOU ARE SOMEWHAT .
...UNIQUE

HEY, DOC, YOU AIN'T EXACTLY LOOKING GOOD YOURSELF.
YES-- OUR ODD MUTATIONS MUST BE DUE TO THIS PLACE

WHEREVER THE HELL "THIS PLACE" IS!

YOU GOT THE "HELL" PART RIGHT, MON--

--AND HERE COME THE VERY DEVILS OF HADES!

WE'RE DOOMED! RUN!
COME BACK HERE AND FIGHT YOU RAT!

LET HER GO, NILLS LUSC.NDA IS THE WEAKEST OF US ALL.
I DON'T CARE! SHE'S GOT TO START PULLING HER OWN WEIGHT, OR SHE'S OFF THIS TEAM!

BEWARE THE TAIL, MY FR END
THE MONSTER CAN NOT ST NG ME, AND IT'S STRENGTH WHILE FORMIDABLE.

. IS NO MATCH FOR MY OWN!
RRYIPP!

YOU MAKE IT LOOK EASY, MON! I CAN DO THAT!

MAYBE NOT

ROUGH. UN-POLISHED.. BUT I THINK THERE IS PROMISE.

"THEY HAVE SPEED...
BUT NO DIRECTION.
WAK!

GREAT STRENGTH
AAAUGHH!
... BUT STRENGTH WITHOUT PURPOSE.

"CERTAINLY, THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF BRAVADO"

THERE IS EVEN BEAUTY, AFTER A FASHION.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO TURN THE TIDE OF BATTLE.

HOLD ON JUST A MINUTE-- LAST TIME I CHECKED, I WAS STILL ALIVE.
I'M SORRY TO BE SO RUDE, I KNOW HOW IT IS TO FORGET YOU'RE A GHOST

IT'S LIKE DROWSING THROUGH A PLEASANT DREAM, ON THE EDGE OF SLEEP. YOU KNOW YOU'RE DREAMING-- JUST ENOUGH TO CONTROL THE DREAM, BUT THE FANTASY IS SO WONDERFULLY COMPLETE ..
BUT THERE ALWAYS COMES A TIME WHEN YOUR RATIONAL MIND NOTICES THAT THE WORLD IS TOO PERFECT--

'--AND THEN YOU WAKE UP."

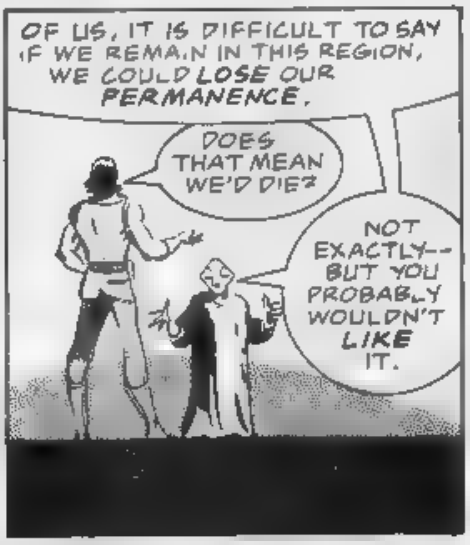
I'M SURE THAT'S VERY SAD, BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE-

HE'S RIGHT

I WAS A FOOL NOT TO HAVE SEEN IT EARLIER. WE'VE STRAYED INTO A ZONE OF DI-MENSIONAL BACKWASH...
.. A ZONE WHERE MEMORIES WALK AS MEN.
WE ALL SEE THIS POOR SOUL, AND CHANEY SAW SOMETHING ELSE OUT FRONT. THAT MEANS WE'RE SLIPPING INTO HIS DIMENSION.

SO THIS GUY'S REALLY A GHOST?

BUT WHAT ABOUT US?

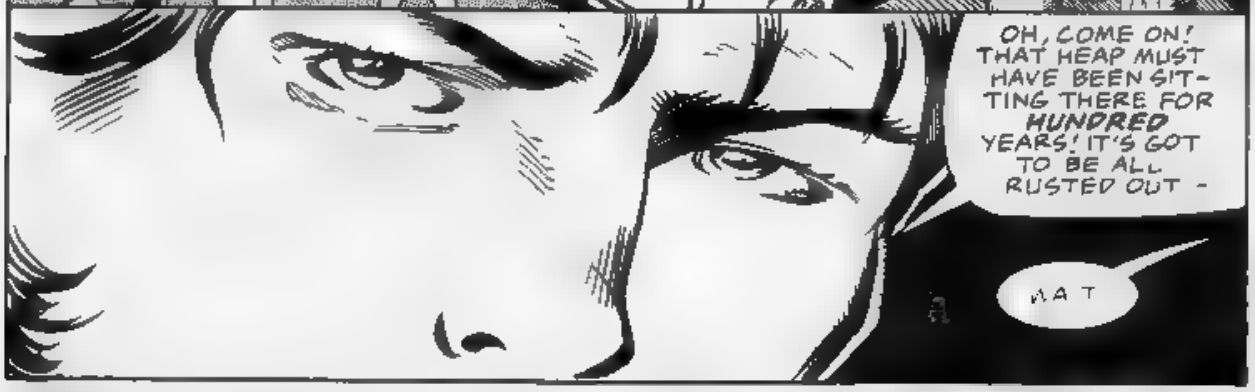

OF US, IT IS DIFFICULT TO SAY IF WE REMAIN IN THIS REGION, WE COULD LOSE OUR PERMANENCE.
DOES THAT MEAN WE'D DIE?
NOT EXACTLY-- BUT YOU PROBABLY WOULDN'T LIKE IT.

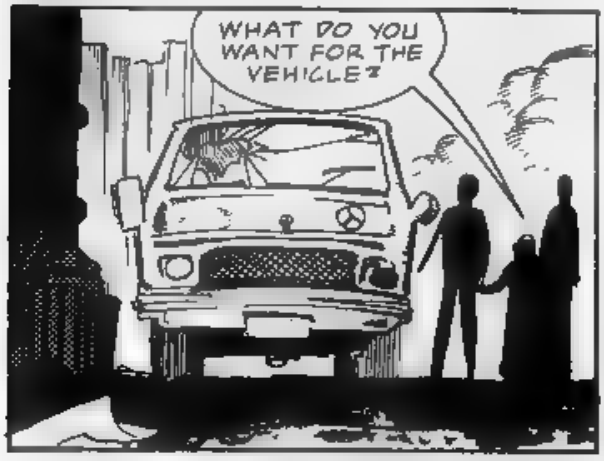
SO WHAT CAN WE DO?
WE MUST LEAVE THIS PLACE, AS RAPIDLY AS POSSIBLE.
THEN LETS GET BACK TO THE WAGON--

NO
I HAVE SOMETHING FASTER FOR YOU OUT BACK

A BUNCH OF YOUNGSTERS--MUSICIANS--CAME THROUGH HERE JUST BEFORE THE WAR. I GUESS THEY'D BROKEN DOWN A SCORE OF TIMES AS THEY CAME ACROSS THE COUNTRY...
AND THEIR BUS CHOSE MY PROPERTY TO FINALLY EXPIRE.

WE TOOK A LOOK AT IT, AND FIGURED WE COULD GET IT RUNNING AGAIN WITH A LITTLE WORK
THEN THE BOMBS FELL.


OH, COME ON! THAT HEAP MUST HAVE BEEN SITTING THERE FOR HUNDRED YEARS! IT'S GOT TO BE ALL RUSTED OUT -
HA T


WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THE VEHICLE?

NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL! IT'S ENOUGH FOR ME TO FEEL USEFUL
I INSIST THAT WE TRADE
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IN. TRADING IS A POINT OF HONOR WITH SIMAK.

WELL, THERE IS ONE THING
NAME IT
IT'S NOT AN ITEM. IT'S A FAVOR, MAYBE MORE LIKE A SERVICE.

OKAY, OKAY--GET TO THE POINT! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!
I'M AFRAID IF YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS, YOU WON'T DO IT--WILL YOU JUST PROMISE TO GRANT ME A FAVOR?

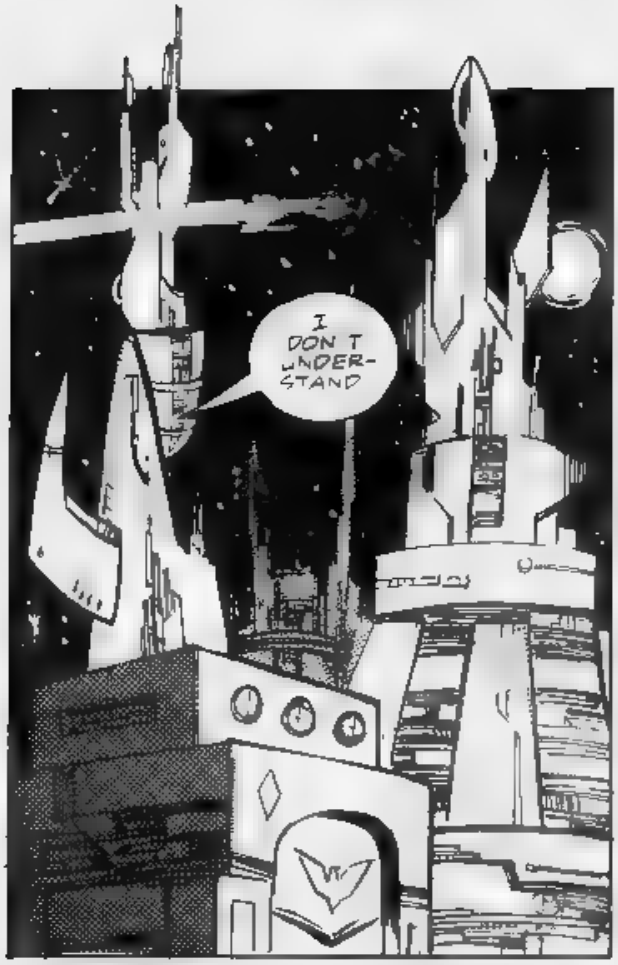
I DON'T KNOW
DONE!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING

YEAH! WE COULD HAVE BEEN MILES FROM HERE BY NOW IF WE'D JUST LEFT WHEN WE WERE SUPPOSED TO
MY FRIENDS...IF ANGELA CANNOT RESURRECT THE VEHICLE WE ARE ALL DEAD MEN--
I SUGGEST WE ATTEND TO OUR TASKS

ANGELA, YOUR ONLY RESPONSIBILITY IS TO GET THAT BUS RUNNING. BLU, I WANT YOU OUT FRONT TO GUARD DUFF AND CHANEY
I'LL STAY HERE TO ASSIST ANGELA VIKKI STAYS WITH THE OLD MAN--WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TRUST HIM BLINDLY.

PRETTY GRIM THIS MIGHT BE TOUGHER THAN I THOUGHT


I DON'T UNDERSTAND

IF WE CAN CONTROL MATTER ABSOLUTELY --FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES, CREATE MATTER--WHY CONTINUE THE STRUGGLE? WHY SUBJECT OURSELVES TO THE DANGER OF PRIMITIVE WORLDS, IF WE HAVE THE POWER TO CREATE PARADISE?
THAT IS AN ADVANCED QUESTION FOR A NOVICE STUDENT YOUR CONTROL OF MATTER IS VERY RESTRICTED; YOU SHOULD NOT BE CONCERNED WITH THE HIGHEST ABSTRACTS
I DON'T NEED TO BE A MASTER TO SEE WHERE THIS POWER WILL LEAD.

AND WHERE WILL YOUR TALENT LEAD?
TO HEAVEN, I GUESS I WILL CREATE A WORLD OF ABSOLUTE HARMONY, FREE FROM STRIFE AND VIOLENCE AND HATE.
AND THEN WHAT?

AND THEN I WILL LIVE THERE--WITH ALL MY FRIENDS
FOR HOW LONG?
FOREVER, I SUPPOSE.

FOREVER IS A LONG TIME.

YOU'RE SAYING I'D GET BORED OF PARADISE? MAYBE
BUT IF SO, WHAT'S THE POINT? IS PERFECTION IMPOSSIBLE?

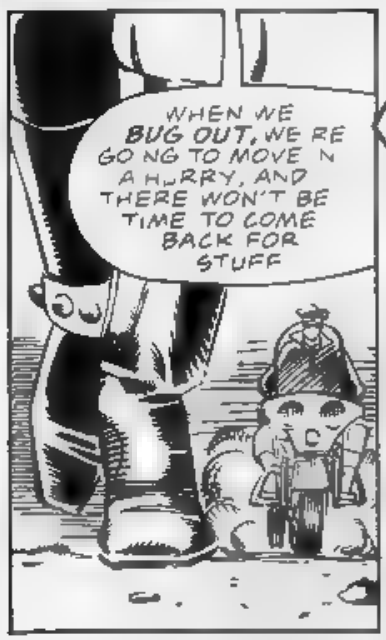
PERFECTION IS POSSIBLE-- IN A REALM WHERE ALL IDEALS SHARE EQUAL FOOTING THE PHOENIX TEACHES THAT THE PERFECT SOCIETY IS THE ONE WHERE WE NEED CREATE NOTHING...

...A SOCIETY THAT IS PERFECT BY IT'S OWN EXISTENCE--ONE BIRTHED BY OUR IDEALS, BUT MAINTAINED BY THE WILL OF ITS PEOPLE, ALL PEOPLE.
THERE IS NO SHORTCUT TO HEAVEN.
BY USING OUR POWERS TO ENFORCE PARADISE, WE ELIMINATE STRIFE, ELIMINATE THE DYNAMIC ELEMENT OF LIFE THAT IS THE HOPE OF TRUE CHANGE--CHANGE FROM WITHIN.

SO IN THE MEANTIME, WE MUST BEHAVE LIKE BARBARIANS... WHEN WE HAVE THE POWER TO DO SO MUCH GOOD FOR ALL THE WORLD?

N THE MEANTIME, LORELEI, WE STRUGGLE--
--WE LIVE--
--AND WE LOVE.

AIR ISRAEL
I DON'T CARE IF THEY'VE GOT A JUMBO JET BACK THERE, I'M NOT LEAVING MY HORSES AROUND
I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING TO FIT ON THE BUS NOW WILL YOU PLEASE GET YOUR STUFF OUT OF THE WAGON?


WHEN WE BUG OUT, WE RE GO NG TO MOVE N A HURRY, AND THERE WON'T BE TIME TO COME BACK FOR STUFF

VROOOM!
HUH?

TH S YOUR CAR?
NO

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
BELUSHI.
A WISE GUY, HUH?

NO, REALLY I...
LET'S SEE SOME I.D YOU GOT A PERMIT FOR THAT GUN?

LOOK, I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS--
I'LL GIVE THE ORDERS, PAL. TURN AROUND AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE WAGON.

I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

YOU ASKED FOR IT.

ARGH!

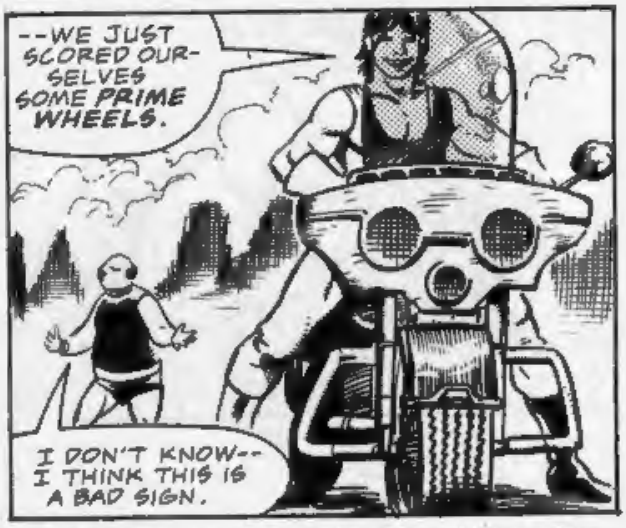
ASSAULTING A PEACE OFFICER IS A SERIOUS OFFENSE.

NOW, HANDS ON TOP OF YOUR HEAD...

PWATCH

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HIS EYES... THEY HELD ME.

GEE, I HATED TO DO THAT. HE WAS ONLY DOING HIS DUTY.
DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR THAT... THING. BESIDES--


--WE JUST SCORED OURSELVES SOME PRIME WHEELS.
I DON'T KNOW-- I THINK THIS IS A BAD SIGN.

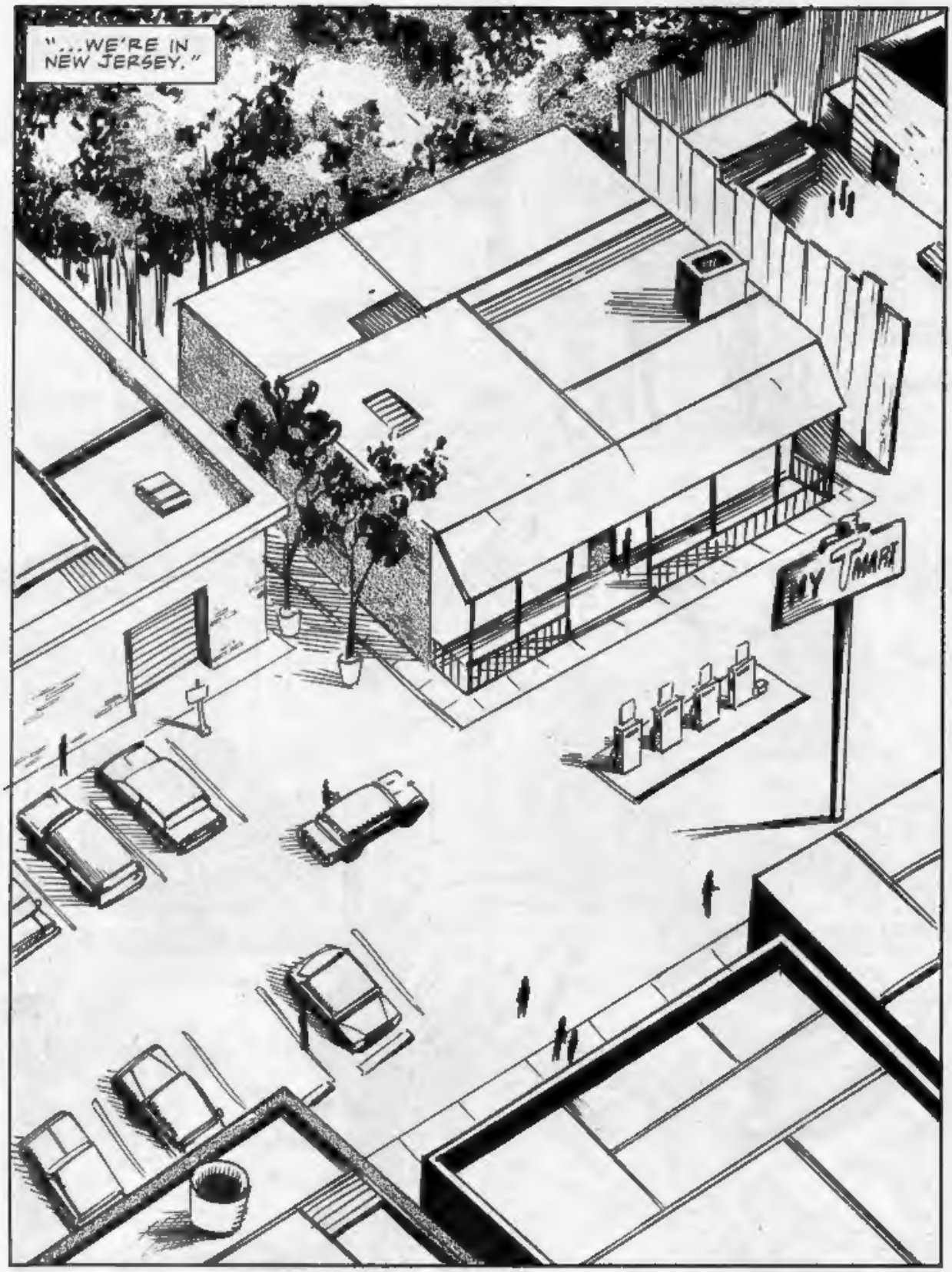
IF WE CAN TOUCH THE GHOSTS, INSTEAD OF JUST SEE THEM; IF THEY CAN TOUCH US...
...OUR TIME MIGHT HAVE RUN OUT.
I'D BETTER TELL THE OTHERS.

IT SEEMS ALMOST AS GOOD AS NEW!
THAT'S WHAT WORRIES ME.

I'VE GOT SOME TALENT WITH MACHINES, BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS.
LOOK AT IT! IT'S LIKE ITS REPAIRING ITSELF.

NO, ANGELA, IT'S NOT REPAIRING ITSELF -- IT'S RE-VERTING TO FORM.
LOOK AROUND YOU -- EVERYTHING IS LOOKING LIKE IT MUST'VE RIGHT BEFORE THE WAR.

ARE WE... DEAD?
WORSE...



NEXT: YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN